

FUGITIVE POPE

Vol. 2, No. 6

nothing or one dollar

January 1, 1992



Never carry firearms on a tractor.



FUNNY SIDE UP

425 Stump Rd., North Wales, PA 19454

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SAY NO TO CRACK POSTER

parodies the popular anti-drug slogan. "Say No To Crack" in this instance, is not referring to drugs, but to the exposed crack in this man's blubbery buttocks. He's a prime contender for a rear end alignment. Place in dorm, bar, office—any place you want to "crack" people up. 23" x 29".

T3010 Crack Poster

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CONDOM CAP when extra head protection is needed! It's a mad cap for any madcap. Imagine the looks you'll get when you parade around town wearing a prophylactic as a hat. Just tell 'em to call you "rubber" neck! Made of durable latex to hold up under the most severe yucks, guffaws and cackles. One size fits all.

T2177 Condom Cap

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Preliminary Matters

FUGITIVE POPE is supposed to be a bimonthly publication, issued on the first days of January, March, May, July, September, and November.

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Motto no. 1: Feel free to be offended by the contents. I don't mind at all.

Motto no. 2: If it seems amateurish, it's because it is.

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Actually, if you're cool, you can gamble that my relatives, the hoity-toity Washington, DC lawyers (I'm NOT kidding) won't be set on your scrawny little butts, so gamble and reprint anything you want. Zines like **Blue Larry**, **Factsheet Five**, **The ... Chronicle** (Alaska!!!) **PyschoTrain** or anything by K3 (i.e., Katrina Kelley) will never be prosecuted. However, major profit-making concerns can suck my International Standard Serial Number (1054-8947). If Exxon, Times-Mirror, or any of those other capitalist scum-fiends ever rip me off, they are dead, **DEAD, DEAD!!!**

To get single issues of **FUGITIVE POPE** send an age statement and a buck in cash, stamps, or equivalent. I like trading, too. Send submissions (copyright reverts to author on publication) and correspondence to:

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7351-A Burrwood Drive
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I'm getting real tired of namby-pamby dicks (dicks = those big books with lots of words in them - see article **DICKS** this issue). Every time I try to look up a nasty word in an electronic dick (like this word processor's) I get stupid messages. When I spell-check a document with the word "shit" in it, for instance, I don't want to be asked if maybe I meant "shed" or "shoed" or "shot" or "shut" or "slit." I've got several dicks on CD-ROM now and none of the English language dicks on them have "fuck" or "shit" or "piss." Grow up.

The illustrations of dangerous farm situations in this issue are courtesy of the United States Department of Agriculture's Safety on the Farm coloring book (3 Oct. 1990). If you have access to a government documents depository library, it's under Superintendent of Documents No. A 84.2:SA 1.

This POPE is real late. Sorry. If y'all are regular zine readers you know that this is standard practice. FP will still come out as scheduled (except when it doesn't).

Stand by for the yet another address change with the next issue of FP. We're committing domesticide and buying a real house that we can paint weird colors and get animals and stuff.

Finally, all who correspond and send stuff know that I receive it, file it, laugh over it, and appreciate it. There's just not enough time to be a "real librarian," daddy (of a 10 month-old), publisher, and palsy-walsy letter writer. If you can get through to my BITNET e-mail address SRCMUNS@UMSLVMA) I always respond.

The next great lie:

The Pope is in the mail!!!

Eugitive Pope

DICKS

by Raleigh C. Muns

My first memory of the school library is of Lisa Bennett (age 6) gigglingly showing me the word "shit" in the big dick on the revolving stand. From then on and to this day I can't help administering that litmus test to all the dicks I encounter. Sometimes I come up with "shit" and sometimes I just get the "shittah tree." With the passing years, I moved up to the big "F" as an alternative test. If "fuck" isn't in a dick it ain't worth "shit."

As a librarian I have since been initiated into the secrets and arcane mysteries of dicks and will herein share a handful with you, o ignorant patron.

Early printings of Webster's New International Dictionary (2nd edition - the big dick crossword puzzle enthusiasts crave) contain the ghost word "dord," a non-existent term meaning "density" erroneously included by a rabid clerk. A guy by the name of Philip Gove raised the incredibly anal retentive science of lexicography to new anal retentive heights by writing an entire article on "The History of Dord" (American Speech v. 29, 1954, pp. 136-138).

The publishers of the American Heritage Dictionary win the spoilsport dick-maker award for producing two versions of their desk dicks; the one without "fuck" is their "special school edition." Coincidentally, nationally syndicated columnist of "The Straight Dope," Cecil Adams points out that this very same dick is one of his favorites because under the word "decolletage" is a picture of Marilyn Monroe in a cleavage-exposing gown. Tits yes, "fuck" no!

Dicks can and do exist on almost any subject. In searching computerized library catalogs a good technique for finding weird dicks is to do a boolean "and" search with a title keyword of choice (e.g., "marijuana") and the Library of Congress heading "dictionaries." On my home system in Missouri I found Ernest Abel's A Marihuana Dictionary (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1982) by entering FIND TITLE MARIHUANA AND SUBJECT DICTIONARIES. I now know five variant spellings of "doobie, dubbe, dubee, dubie" and "duby." Did anyone know that a "zooie" is a "cylindrical device for

holding the butt of marihuana cigarette" or that a "Balloon room without a parachute" means "a marihuana pad where all the marihuana is gone?"

Want to know how to say "I wonder what's causing him to vomit?" in Cherokee? Try "Gadosgin usdi nuwane jiduksdiha?" (William Pulte, ed., Cherokee-English Dictionary, [Dallas?]:Cherokee Nation, c1975)

If you're a non-native English speaker, see Elizabeth Claire's A Foreign Student's Guide to Dangerous English (Rochelle Park, NJ: Eardley Publications, c1983). This is probably the only dick that will define "ass man" for foreigners:

ass man (as' man') noun. vulgar. A man who prefers women with large firm buttocks.

Forget all the different ways to say "penis" in Yiddish? Try Fred Kogos' A Dictionary of Yiddish Slang and Idioms (Secaucus, NJ: Citadel Press, c1966). Penis = Potz, shmok, shlang, shvontz.

Don't forget the old standbys, either. I once searched the Oxford English Dictionary on CD-ROM in reverse. What this means is you can look for definitions of words without knowing what the word is. By searching for the keyword "feces" or "faeces" I was able to turn up a number of interesting entries. My favorite, "stercoraceous," means full of shit. In OED jargon:

Stercoraceous a. [f L. stercorare] 1. Consisting of, containing, or pertaining to faeces.

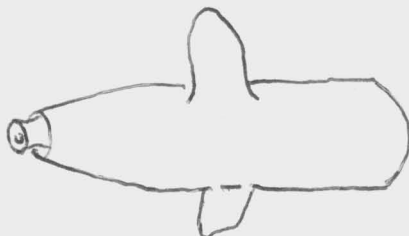
Like I said, full of shit. E.g., "That was quite a stercoraceous comment, Senator."

DICKS!!! Every library's gottem - Check 'em out!

MYSTERIOUS TALES OF THE REFERENCE DESK

While working at an unnamed reference desk, I happened to encounter the following questions:

Q: What is this (see below)?



A: A rhinoceros penis. (source: Donald Brown, et al, Penis Inserts of Southeast Asia, Berkeley, CA: Center for Southeast Asia Studies, c1988, p.28)

Q: A 'friend' of mine has this incredible ability to control his belches. We once timed a continuous burp of 43 seconds! Where can we get information on getting him a job?

A: Tough question. Best I can do is refer you to the biography of one Joseph Pujol (1857-1945) entitled Le Petomane (Jean Nohain and F. Caradec, Los Angeles: Sherbourne Press, c1968). For 22 years he performed at Paris' Moulin Rouge as the world's premier farter (fartist?) outdrawing even Sarah Bernhardt. Pujol would extinguish candles from a foot away, play musical instruments, even whistle tunes from his talented orifice. Reading Le Petomane may give your friend some career pointers.

Q: Was buggery on the high seas as prevalent as Monty Python would have had us think?

A: Probably. See B.R. Burg's definitive treatment, Sodomy and the Pirate Tradition (NY:NY University Press).



This week's ephemera is courtesy of the "Jews for Jesus" pamphleteers. The illustration is from a pamphlet handed out at UCLA in 1991. Note the feeble attempt to get around the intellectual property laws by disguising the name "BART" with a fold of the T-shirt. As the rest of the pamphlet says, "For More Rad Info About the Messiah: Call Benjamin Wertheim (Age 9) c/o Jews For Jesus, PO Box 55233, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403, ph: 818-781-4844"

FUGITIVE POPE

Fatalgram

FEB 27 1991

91-203-P



U.S. Department of Labor
Mine Safety and Health Administration
Metal and Nonmetal Mine Safety and Health
MSHA 8000-7, June 87

Date January 24, 1991

THE OWNER/OPERATOR OF A SAND AND GRAVEL OPERATION, AGE 45, WAS FATALLY INJURED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ADJUST THE CLUTCH DRIVE ON A PORTABLE CRUSHER. THE VICTIM HAD 24 YEARS OF MINING EXPERIENCE, 12 YEARS AS OWNER/OPERATOR OF HIS OWN COMPANY.

THE VICTIM REMOVED THE INSPECTION PLATE FROM THE BELL HOUSING AND INSERTED A METAL PRY BAR WHICH WAS APPROXIMATELY 2-1/2 FEET IN LENGTH AND 1-1/2 INCHES THICK, AND ALSO A SCREWDRIVER APPROXIMATELY 8 INCHES LONG INTO THE OPENING AND CONTACTED SOME MOVING PART. THE DRIVE UNIT WAS DISENGAGED BUT THE DIESEL ENGINE POWERING THE UNIT WAS NOT SHUT OFF. THE BAR WAS THROWN OUT OF THE WORK AREA AND PENETRATED THE VICTIM'S CHEST JUST ABOVE THE HEART.

RECOMMENDATION

EQUIPMENT SHALL BE SHUT OFF BEFORE WORK IS STARTED ON THE EQUIPMENT.



91-039

"Preliminary Data"

Death Toll		Period Covered: January thru November		
Year	Underground	Surface	Mills	Total
1989	10	28	8	46
1990	10	35	9	54

Do Your Part to Keep the Toll Down!
Safety is Everybody's Business

L 38.15 : 91-039

DEPOSITORY LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MO. - ST. LOUIS

NASTY WORD SCORE CARD

Just a quick check of several online catalogs for all books with the word "fuck" or the "n" word anywhere in the titles. FYI - the "n" word (which I personally consider obscene and will not intentionally use or print) refers to a derogatory term commonly used against people with lots of melanin in their skins. "Fuck" is of course a perfectly harmless word that everyone is familiar with.

	Harvard University	9 campus University of California System	4 campus University of Missouri System
"N" word	70	117	35
"Fuck"	3	24	0

I have devised a racism to sex index ("N" divided by "Fuck") for this data. The higher a score, the more prone a library is to have historically collected racist materials above sexually oriented materials. The above simple test gives the following scores:

Harvard:	23.33	(racism preferred to sex)
UC:	4.88	(relatively healthy balance)
UM:	Undefined	("N" ok, sex taboo!)

Of course this is all crap which means it fits perfectly into the most of the traditional research canon.

Note regarding the University of Missouri's **ZERO** items with the word "fuck" in the title: I also searched and failed to find any books with versions of "fuck" in the title (e.g., "fucker," "motherfucker," "fucked," etc...).

CONDOM PATCH KIT for the cheapskate. We've heard of recycling, but this is ridiculous! Fun gag to present to any penny pincher; or in this case, rubber rummager. Kit includes 4 patches and one blown out condom. For novelty purposes only.

T2807 Patch Kit

\$2.98

FART GAME IS A GAS! It's guaranteed to turn a dull evening into an explosive affair! And anyone can come from "behind" to win. All you need is a sense of humor and the ability to fart on command. But, in case the beans and beer don't work, a whoopee cushion is included. Rated: PU.

T2828 Fart Game

\$15.98

STUD UNDIES for the host with the most, the man who should be banned, the guy with the oh-my-my! Hidden within briefs is a secret pocket. Open the pocket to discover yards of specially fitted material which, unfolded, will reach the ground. Get the picture? You could say it's the ultimate male compliment. Made in USA.

T2638 Stud Undies

\$9.98



Absolutely! no extra riders on tractors.

Miseries of a Librarian (Abridged)

by X.

There are few situations less pleasant than that of the proprietor of a circulating library. This assertion may startle some of those very worthy people who imagine his 'miseries' to be comprehended in sitting behind a counter, dozing over plays, tossing out novels, telling white lies, and pocketing four-pences, but, such as will give a moment's attention to the subject, may be able to conjecture that the remark is not entirely destitute of foundation!

I shrink not from the undertaking, and now proceed to mention a few of the swarm of grievances that are eternally buzzing about the ears of a Librarian, and render his life as uncomfortable as that of a short-tailed horse in fly-time.

One of his greatest 'miseries' is the trouble of listening to the idle babble of visitors. No one can step into the Library, without boring him with tedious harangues, unmeaning questions, uninteresting descriptions, and somniferous criticisms, so that it would seem as if the sleepy works upon the shelves, infected the very atmosphere with their dullness.

Another of the Librarian's miseries is the incorrigible infidelity of his customers. They will not be contented with his uttering one white lie, but must fret him into the manufacture of a dozen. It is almost impossible to convince them that such and such books are NOT IN, when they pretend to see them on the shelf. The rogues will not be persuaded, and often go out of the shop as snappingly as mud-turtles out of their own shells! He who has once been a Librarian is never afterwards apt to be affected with sour looks. Another thing -- the impossibility of suiting the palates of all readers at all times. This is a grievous inconvenience. Every one has a different taste, which changes every day. They are eternally teasing the Librarian to give them 'a good book to read,' and are everlastingly complaining that he packed them off with an old thing, good for nothing under heaven, but to beguile folks of the FOUR-PENCES.

A Librarian, to give satisfaction, should be a literary Kitchener, familiar both with the squeamish palates of his patients, and the savourishness of his bolusses -- a Bookworm and Craniologist -- who by dint of huge feeding and painful examination, had become both a judge of works, and of skulls, -- and was therefore, able to calculate exactly, such a quality of matter to such a quantity of brains.

Another misery of the Librarian, is the continual loss and vexation he is subject to, from customers' losing and abusing his volumes. When at the end of a short week, he beholds a new and beautiful work, which departed from him in all its glory, return covered with dirt and grease, dog-eared to the middle, with scarcely any covering to its back, the pang with which he receives it, is in no way compensated by the solitary four-pence, it has earned by its degradations.

Many a drowsy summer afternoon, have I sat sweating in my chair, watching the retreating sun-beams in their tedious progress around the library, fretted by the importunate buzzing of the mannerless flies that scooted about my ears, with no other comfort than the enjoyment of such irritating thoughts, as grated along my wincing pericranium. 'And thus' -- murmured I, impatiently brushing away a fly that had the impudence to light upon that ticklish part directly under my nose -- 'and in this dull and monotonous manner, am I doomed to wear the most valuable hours of my life -- to waste the energies of youth, and shrink into premature old age, like a red-cheeked apple withering in its bloom.

What is there no remedy? And must I continue thus coldly and joylessly to drag after me the chain of existence? Oh no! It must not, -- shall not be! Awake, my spirit and put forth thy strength. Ye vagrant train of four-pences hence, and quit my sight. Ye fault-finding, book-tearing, tooth-drawing patrons --

Enough! it boots not on the past to dwell,
To scenes of former years, a long farewell!
Rouse up my soul, it boots not to repine.
Rouse up, for worthier feelings should be thine,
Thy path is plain and straight, that light is given,
Onward in faith and leave the rest to Heaven!

(LIBRARY) HUMOR IN UNIFORM

Blatant filler borrowed from the physical bulletin boards of the University of Missouri, St. Louis libraries.

=====

A chicken comes into the library and asks for BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK. The staff collect some and the chicken signs them out. In a couple of hours the chicken comes back with all of the books, puts them in the return slot and asks for BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK. The staff scurries around some more and find even more books and sign them out to the chicken. The next morning the chicken returns all of the books and asks the staff for BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK BOOK. Once more the staff find even more books and sign them out to the chicken. They cannot contain their curiosity so they decide to follow the chicken to see if it is really reading all of those books or what??? The chicken takes the books to the park and sets them down beside the pond. It shows them one by one to the frogs who reply ... REDDIT REDDIT REDDIT REDDIT.

=====

A lady in the butcher shop sees 3 strange meats in the meat counter, and pointing to one she asks, "What kind of meat is that?" The butcher replies, "Lawyers' brains." Grimacing, the lady asks, "How much does it cost?" Butcher's reply: "1\$ per pound." "And what kind of meat is that?" she asks, pointing to the 2nd tray. "Doctors' brains." "Oh, and how much are they?" Butcher says: "5\$ per pound." "and the 3rd meat?" says the lady. The butcher says, "Librarians brains at 50\$ per pound." Lady says: "50 bucks per pound! Why so much? Surely librarians can't be worth so much more than doctors or lawyers!" "Lady," says the butcher, "do you have any idea how many librarians it takes to make a pound of brains?"

=====

I went to the Ronald Reagan Lie-brary the other day, but his book was already colored in.

ON BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF YOUR KID

A friend of mine who works for a branch library in the Lost Angeles County system reported the following true story:

Patron comes up to the reference desk and asks to borrow a ruler. Librarian says, "Ok, just bring it back when you are done." Patron takes six-year old kid to bathroom and starts beating shit out of kid using ruler. Security guard hearing screams bursts in and stops patron. Patron asserts rights about being able to raise own child as e sees fit. Security guard thinking fast (remember number of lawyers in California) says "not with library property!" and takes ruler away.

My question: should libraries loan out staplers?

FUGITIVE POPE CONTEST NUMBER TWO!!!

A six issue subscription (a virtual year's worth) to the first three people to correctly identify the product for which the accompanying illustration was a trade-mark. Your clue is the source (which you can use if you can find it!):

Item #481 from Robert Meadow's A private anthropological cabinet of 500 authentic racial-esoteric photographs and illustrations after the originals from the scientific explorations, field studies and museum archives portraying intimate rites and customs, racial types of beauty, phenomena of childbirth, freaks, ethnic mutilations and many other curiosities of the erotic life of savage and civilized races of mankind, NY: Falstaff Press, Inc., c1934.



In this issue of **FUGITIVE POPE:**

Dicks! / Ephemera! / Nasty Words!
Mysterious Tales of the Reference Desk!
Miseries of a Librarian (1824)!
Filler! / Graphics! / Contest #2!
More!



Check position of people before starting up machinery.